

20,080 FEET IN A SECOND.

Great Speed Given to Projectiles—Seven Thickness of Boiler Iron Pierced.

[New York Sun.]

A little man with a dark mustache, who stood in the sand out at Sandy Hook, dived one hand into his coat suddenly and flashed out a metal cartridge two inches long. It was packed with powder, and had a hole through the center from end to end.

"If you lit that," he said, "it would fizz away harmlessly, just like a Fourth of July flower-pot. Watch what it does when I let it off in this gun barrel."

A common smooth-bore, breech-loading gun barrel that the man had bought in town for \$2 lay in the sand. It was just 4 feet long, and had a bore 5-16 of an inch in diameter. In front of it, resting right against the muzzle of the barrel, was a little square target. It was made of nine sheets of boiler iron screwed together tightly. Each sheet was one-quarter of an inch in thickness. The little man lifted the cartridge in the breech, and right ahead of it laid a thin rod of tempered steel. It was nine inches long, and weighed nine and a half ounces.

"There is nine-tenths of an ounce of powder in that cartridge," he said as he got into a boom-proof on the sands, "and here she goes."

He yanked a string that was attached to the gun hammer. There was an explosion and then a thud. The little man came out from the shelter of the boom-proof and picked up the little target. He got a hammer and a wedge and pried it apart. The steel rod had been forced straight through seven thicknesses of the boiler iron, then it had been turned upward and broken off. The broken piece was wedged between the last two boiler plates. The topmost inch of it had penetrated the fiber of the iron perpendicularly. The little man gazed at the ruin of the target in admiration.

"That beats the record all hollow," he cried, exultantly. "The best that anybody has been able to do heretofore with a cartridge of that size is to drive a steel projectile through an inch of boiler iron. It would burst the gun to put it to such a test with a cartridge of ordinary make."

He dodged behind the boom-proof again and tried it with an ordinary coarse grain cartridge. There was a big explosion when he yanked the string, and through the peep-holes of the boom-proof the spectators saw the gun barrel blown to splinters. The little man fished up another of the new-fangled cartridges from his pocket and said:

"This thing was invented by the man who invented the multicharge gun. The idea consists in the character of the powder used, and in the boring of a hole through the middle of it after it has been packed in the cartridge. The superiority of the cartridge over anything that has heretofore been gotten up in the same line is the immense power it imparts to the projectile, and the great reduction of the strain usually caused upon the gun by the force of the explosion necessary to fire a projectile. These results are secured by arranging the powder so that the force generated at the moment it is ignited will be comparatively small, and will increase continually until the whole charge is consumed. This arrangement starts the projectile gently at first, and then imparts to it a gradually increased motion, and equalizes the strain upon the walls of the gun."

To accomplish this, the powder, which is of very fine grade, is packed in the shell in a solid mass, and then perforated with the central hole, so that when it is ignited by a primer it will throw a stream of fire downward through this perforation. The stream of fire ignites the powder along the internal walls of the perforation, and, as this perforation is comparatively small, the volume of gases generated at first is correspondingly small; but as the combustion proceeds the fire surface continually increases until the entire mass of the powder is consumed. By properly proportioning the size and shape of the powder cake relatively to the projectile to be used, and to the length of the barrel through which it is to be driven, the force exerted upon the projectile by the powder may be regulated practically at will, and so as to do the most effective work in any given case.

"Can this principle be applied to cannon as well as small arms?" was asked. "Certainly," the little man replied. "All that is necessary is to pierce the solidly packed powder longitudinally with a number of holes instead of one, and then make corresponding holes in the head of the shell, and arrange the head so that the holes can communicate with each other. This can be secured by the introduction into the powder cake perforations of a number of tubes projecting rearward from the cartridge head, so that they will rest against the breech-lock of the cannon, and leave a space between the lock and the cartridge head. The construction insures the instantaneous and simultaneous ignition of the powder perforations at their head. It is essential that the powder cake be hard and dense, so that the fire can not penetrate into it, but will burn only on its surfaces—that is, as distinguished from cakes made of granular powder, which, though solid in form, are granular in structure, and burn in all directions through their mass. This method will maintain the maximum pressure uniform all the way to the muzzle, and overcome the inertia of the projectile, instead of applying a maximum pressure suddenly before the inertia of the heavy projectile is overcome, and suffering a reduction of velocity thereby."

"We haven't tested the cartridge in a cannon yet," the little man said, "but with small arms we have propelled a projectile 20,080 feet per second, and that beats the record for speed, as the perforation of the boiler iron plate beats the record in overcoming resistance."

Cooking on the Stage.

[New Orleans Times-Democrat.]

A novelty at a Milwaukee convent commencement was an exhibition of cooking on the stage. Oil stoves were used, and the curtain rose upon a very pretty young lady in the act of taking a loaf of bread from a tin where it had just been baked. Another, equally pretty and expert, put newly kneaded rusks in the oven to bake, while a third turned her attention to preparing a fried chicken.

Malay Proverbs.

[Youth's Companion.]

The Malays express themselves in neat, pithy sentences, and elench an argument with a proverb. Some of their proverbs resemble those we saw which we use to point a moral, while others are peculiar to them.

A Malay enjoins secrecy by saying, "If you have rice, put it away under the unhusked grain."

"What is the use of the peacock strutting in the jungle?" is the Malay equivalent for throwing pearls before swine.

When a Malay wishes to indicate that an offer will not be refused, he asks, "Will the crocodile reject the carcass?" He apprehends the obstinacy of hereditary instincts, for his proverb says: "Though you feed a jungle-fowl out of a gold plate, it will nevertheless make for the jungle."

Those who think human nature may be changed by external influences should muse over this Malay proverb: "You may plant the bitter cucumber in a bed of sage, and manure it with honey, and water it with molasses, and train it over sugarcanes, but when it is cooked it will still be bitter."

Those who take trouble for nothing are said "to fight in a dream," and a man who is all things to all men is one "who plants sugarcanes on the lips."

"Hand chopping wood while the shoulder bears a load," indicates the man of expedients and enterprise. "Freed from the mouth of the crocodile only to fall into the jaws of the tiger," is the equivalent for our "Out of the frying-pan into the fire." "The creel says the basket is coarsely plaited," is a more delicate expression than our proverb about the pot calling the kettle black.

"We say, 'It is an ill-wind that blows no one any good,'" the Malay says, "When the junk is wrecked the shark has his fill."

"The yam remains still and increases in bulk; iron lies quiet and wastes away the more," is a Malay proverb which indicates that similar circumstances will not answer for unlike things.

A Dietary Blunder.

[St. Henry Thompson.]

Most persons might naturally be aware that the primary object of drink is to satisfy the thirst, which means a craving for the supply of water to the tissues—the only fluid they demand and utilize when the sensation in question is felt. Water is a solvent of solids, and is more powerful to this end when employed free from admixture with any other solid material. It may be flavored, as in tea and otherwise, without impairing its solvent power, but when mixed with any concrete matter, as in chocolate, thick cocoa, or even with milk, its capacity for dissolving—the very quality for which it was demanded—is in great part lost. So plentiful is nutriment in solid food that the very last place where we should seek that quality is the drink which accompanies the ordinary meal.

Here at least we might hope to be free from an exhortation to nourish ourselves, when desirous only to allay thirst or moisten our solid morsels with a draught of fluid. Not so; there are even some persons who must wash down their ample slices of roast beef with draughts of new milk—an unwisely devised combination even for those of active habit, but for men and women whose lives are little occupied by exercise it is one of the greatest dietary blunders which can be perpetrated.

One would think it was generally known that milk is a peculiarly nutritive fluid, adapted for the fast growing and fattening young mammal—admirable for such, for our small children; also serviceable to those whose muscular exertion is great, and when it agrees with the stomach, to those who can not take meat. For us who have long ago achieved our full growth and can thrive on solid fare, it is altogether superfluous and mostly mischievous as a drink.

The Guanaco of North Patagonia.

[Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.]

The guanaco is very similar to the llama. They roam the plains in great numbers and are the mainstay of the Indians. The weight of a full-grown one is 350 pounds, and their flesh is equal to the finest beef. The hair on the old ones is quite long and badly matted, but on the young it is about two inches long, very thick, fine and silky. On the back and sides it is colored, but the breast is white. The Indians cut the skins so that the white forms some regular figure, and several of them are required to make a robe about seven feet square. The tribes in the south of Patagonia salt the skins and afterward rub them soft, but along the Plata they tan them by some process that makes the inside red. They sell for from \$15 to \$25. Robes made from the skin of the American ostrich are also to be obtained. These are very beautiful, the feathers being very thick and soft, but they are easily spoiled.

The Oldest Paper in the World.

[English Exchange.]

The oldest paper in the world, The Pekin Gazette, has lately taken a new lease of life. This venerable journal, alone almost in a changeless land, has changed its form. Established in the year 911 The Pekin Gazette has been published regularly since 1851. Under the new arrangement three editions are published—the first, the King-Paou, printed upon yellow paper, constitutes the official gazette of the middle kingdom; the second, the Hsing-Paou (commercial journal), also printed upon yellow sheets, contains information interesting in the trading community, while the third, the Titani-Paou (provincial gazette), printed upon red paper, consists of extracts from the other two editions. The total circulation of the three issues is 15,000 copies. The editorship is confined to a committee of six members of the Academy of Han-Lin.

Shepherd Dogs Herding Ostriches.

Scotch shepherd dogs are now employed at the cape in herding ostriches, a work which they perform with great sagacity. Two men on horseback and one dog will drive a troop of 100 to 150 full-grown birds with as much ease as six or eight men on horseback.

If 32,000,000 women should clasp hands they could reach around the globe.

London is the headquarters of the pet-dog trade of the world.

TEMPERANCE.

"Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink, that putteth thy bottle to him and maketh him drunken also."—Habakkuk I, 15.

Under the Auspices of the Good Templars.

Words That Burn.

On March the 5th, Senator Clark, author of the bill "providing for the more effectual suppression of the illegal sale and transportation of intoxicating liquors and abatement of nuisances," spoke in part as follows in the Iowa Senate:

"The law of public necessity frequently demands the surrender of all that a man has, including his life. Such a crisis is upon us now. The public good now and for all time demands the surrender on the part of the saloon-keeper of his unlawful business, and on the part of every citizen the subordination of his appetite; and as in other cases of necessity, he cannot complain. See how it is: Here is Chicago on fire; a conflagration is sweeping down a whole city with its hot breath. Four hundred millions of property go up in smoke. But see then Phil Sheridan how he is violating the right of the citizen. See him in advance of the flowing sea place explosives under great blocks of private property and they are shattered to fragments. What right has he to do it? The public good demands it. He creates a space into which the flame may leap and die out, that the whole city be not burned up. Instead of carping at the right to do this, all the world clapped its hands in applause. It was to intercept a conflagration. Again, an angry mob has possession of the streets and threatens the price of property and good order of society. Does any one question the right? Nay, the duty of the State is to quell the riot, even with sweep of grape and canister from the mouth of the cannon. Here again is a city stricken with the plague; men and women are pale with fear; life of self and family are at stake; you wish to flee. Under that highest law of the race, the instinct of self-preservation. You have the right to flee for your life; but instantly the law of Iowa throws the unswerving line of quarantine around you and holds you by force in the midst of pestilence, the cholera, the smallpox or the yellow fever. You may not be infected, but for fear of infecting others it is thought best that you should even die and your family with you. It is for the public welfare. Every man says this is right. It is better that a few should suffer than the whole State be exposed to the contagion. Did you ever hear of the right of the citizen to collect damages in a case of this kind? Does the State pay for the property destroyed to arrest a conflagration? Does it pay for the lives destroyed in quelling a riot? No! Now then, for the force of this logic. The saloon is the conflagration. It ignites every conflagration. It is the contagion. It generates every loathsome social and moral disease, loads the blood with deadly malaria that floats in every globe, and culminates in death in generations unborn, opens the vein of the father and poisons the blood of his unborn infant under the eternal laws of heredity. Then may the State eradicate this evil, may it destroy the saloon? Out of the depths of the human heart, out of the profoundest sense of right and self-defence the answer is thundered in our ears: 'Yes!' Is it the right thing to do? Is it morally right, do you ask? I answer that under ordinary rules of good faith and justice it is right. I grant that the State permitted the brewer and saloonkeeper to start into business, that is to make and sell beer and wine; but it was under the solemn contract that they should do only that much. It was agreed that no whisky should be sold; no drunkard shall purchase of them; that they would not sell to minors; that they would not sell to persons in a state of intoxication; that they would not sell on the sabbath day, or election days. But the saloonkeeper has deliberately and defiantly broken every covenant. He has insulted the moral sense and should the public conscience of the State in his ruthless disregard of all law so that the State may rightfully sweep every saloon off the face of Iowa, as you would dead flies, without any compensation."

The saloon is a dangerous for the government. In 1877 every car wheel across this continent was instantly stopped, commerce paralyzed by a mad mob, most of it drunk. It set the torch to a great corporation in violation of law, and the citizens of Pittsburgh laughed at the revelry. But the next day the blood of the mob was frenzied with more liquor, and millions of private property went up in smoke. There is in every city an idle, vicious horde as combustible as powder, that is readily ignited by rum. Multiply these conditions. Multiply American population until Iowa has 300 to the square mile instead of 28. Set at its head incendiary demagogues and consciousness oily-tongued scoundrels, then set the mass on fire with rot-gut whisky, and your ears will tingle and you will feel the wonderful necessity of sobriety. If we do not soon wipe out the saloon, it

will wipe out your home and mine. It is a potent fact that the saloon rapes the ballot every election; that the lawless element in your city, a saloon keeper with \$2.00 worth of beer and a green screen and a glass mug yields more political power than any five honest, righteous men in your city. It is an intolerable outrage upon the government. The saloon keeper manipulates and controls your municipal government, and your police force, so that life and property are at the mercy of the lawless element, yet you propose to falter in your movement upon their work. A man ought to vote but once at the same election, but the saloon gang stuff and rob the ballot box with impunity. Talk about the intolerance of prohibition! It is insignificant compared with the dictatorial, browbeating, deadly defense of the saloon. I am in favor of striking it hard between the eyes, not with a muffled fist, but with an iron hammer, for it is the assassin of the ballot and every other good thing."

Proper Treatment for Coughs.

That the reader may fully understand what constitutes a good Cough and Lung Syrup, we will say that far and Wild Cherry is the basis of the best remedies yet discovered. These ingredients with several others equally as efficacious, enter largely into Dr. Bosanko's Cough and Lung Syrup, thus making it one of the most reliable now on the market. Price 50 cts. and \$1.00. Samples free. Sold by Owen & Moore.

Good large crochet quilts, at 90 cts.

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It has been demonstrated that bottled advertising is superior to any and all modes. We have adopted the plan of placing the bulk of our advertising INSIDE of the bottle and corking it up, while others do all their work on the outside.

That is the reason that B. B. B. proves so valuable in the cure of all blood diseases, Scrofulous Swellings and Sores, Rheumatism, Catarrh, Skin and Kidney affections. Merit is in the bottle and the patient is at once convinced of the fact. Large bottles \$1, three for \$2.50. Address, Blood Balm Co., Atlanta, Ga.

B. B. B.

J. M. Ellis, Atlanta, Ga., writes: "I have had a severe form of Eczema, ten years, and have failed to secure relief from various doctors, and about 100 bottles of a notable remedy. It was pronounced incurable, but the use of B. B. B. has effected a cure, and I refer to Dr. D. O. C. Heery, Dr. F. F. Taber, Atlanta, Ga."

W. M. Cheshire, at W. H. Brotherton's store, Atlanta, writes: "I have had a large eating ulcer on my leg cured by the use of B. B. B."

It is decidedly a most wonderful medicine for the cure of blood diseases, and it will please everybody."

NASHVILLE, TENN., NOV. 8, 1894.

One of my customers, Mrs. L. Williams, has been using B. B. B. a short time and reported to me that its effects were simply marvelous, and that it far surpasses all other blood remedies she has used, and that she could hardly sanction anything said in its favor, as it had given her more relief than anything she had ever used before."

W. H. OWEN, Druggist.
A 32 page book filled with information, about your blood, your skin, kidneys, Rheumatism, Old Ulcers and Sores, Blood poisons etc., mailed free to anyone. Address: BLOOD BALM CO., Atlanta, Ga.

NON-RESIDENT NOTICE.

Thomas Batson and Others vs. Schmittau and Others.

In this case it appears to the Clerk that a subpoena to answer was issued on the 1st day of March 1894, to the Sheriff of Williamson county, commanding him to summon the defendants N. Rochell and Catherine Rochell, to appear and answer to the bill in this court on the 5th day of April 1894, and it appearing that the Sheriff of Williamson county returned said subpoena, endorsing thereon that said defendants were not to be found in his county. It is therefore ordered that said N. Rochell and Catherine Rochell enter their appearance in this cause and plead answer or demur to complainant's bill, on or before the first Monday in June next, or the same will be taken for confessed and heard ex parte to wit, and that publication of this order be published for four consecutive weeks in the Clarksville Chronicle, a newspaper published in the city of Clarksville, Tennessee, this April 8, 1894.

R. D. MOSELEY,
Clerk, County Court Montgomery County.
Apr. 17, 1894.

Administrator's Notice.

Having qualified as administrator upon the estate of John H. Kendrick deceased, notice is duly given to all persons indebted to his estate to make payment to me, and those holding claims against said estate will present them to me within the time required by law or they will be forever barred.

M. D. DENNIS,
Adm'r. of Jas. H. Kendrick, dec'd.
April 24, 1894.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

Having qualified as executor of the last will and testament of J. D. Kendrick dec'd, notice is duly given for all persons indebted to his estate to make payment to me, and those having claims against said estate, will present them within the time required by law or they will be forever barred.

FRANCIS J. KENDRICK,
Executor of J. D. Kendrick, dec'd.

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